

**WE SHALL KEEP THE  
FAITH**

Oh! you who sleep in Flanders  
Fields,  
Sleep sweet – to rise anew!  
We caught the torch you threw  
And holding high, we keep the  
Faith  
With All who died.

We cherish, too, the poppy red  
That grows on fields where valour  
led;  
It seems to signal to the skies  
That blood of heroes never dies,  
But lends a lustre to the red  
Of the flower that blooms above  
the dead  
In Flanders Fields.

And now the Torch and Poppy  
Red  
We wear in honour of our dead.  
Fear not that ye have died for  
naught;  
We'll teach the lesson that ye  
wrought  
In Flanders Fields.



*Written by Moina  
Michael, November 1918*

**WE SHALL KEEP THE  
FAITH**

Oh! you who sleep in Flanders  
Fields,  
Sleep sweet – to rise anew!  
We caught the torch you threw  
And holding high, we keep the  
Faith  
With All who died.

We cherish, too, the poppy red  
That grows on fields where valour  
led;  
It seems to signal to the skies  
That blood of heroes never dies,  
But lends a lustre to the red  
Of the flower that blooms above  
the dead  
In Flanders Fields.

And now the Torch and Poppy  
Red  
We wear in honour of our dead.  
Fear not that ye have died for  
naught;  
We'll teach the lesson that ye  
wrought  
In Flanders Fields.



*Written by Moina  
Michael, November 1918*

**WE SHALL KEEP THE  
FAITH**

Oh! you who sleep in Flanders  
Fields,  
Sleep sweet – to rise anew!  
We caught the torch you threw  
And holding high, we keep the  
Faith  
With All who died.

We cherish, too, the poppy red  
That grows on fields where valour  
led;  
It seems to signal to the skies  
That blood of heroes never dies,  
But lends a lustre to the red  
Of the flower that blooms above  
the dead  
In Flanders Fields.

And now the Torch and Poppy  
Red  
We wear in honour of our dead.  
Fear not that ye have died for  
naught;  
We'll teach the lesson that ye  
wrought  
In Flanders Fields.



*Written by Moina  
Michael, November 1918*

**WE SHALL KEEP THE  
FAITH**

Oh! you who sleep in Flanders  
Fields,  
Sleep sweet – to rise anew!  
We caught the torch you threw  
And holding high, we keep the  
Faith  
With All who died.

We cherish, too, the poppy red  
That grows on fields where valour  
led;  
It seems to signal to the skies  
That blood of heroes never dies,  
But lends a lustre to the red  
Of the flower that blooms above  
the dead  
In Flanders Fields.

And now the Torch and Poppy  
Red  
We wear in honour of our dead.  
Fear not that ye have died for  
naught;  
We'll teach the lesson that ye  
wrought  
In Flanders Fields.



*Written by Moina  
Michael, November 1918*